

T H E

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TEACHING BY LECTURES.

The functions of the Teacher are important and difficult. It is his duty to instruct and to educate. He is not only to communicate facts, but to draw out the faculties of the mind, to develop mental vigor and power. To accomplish these ends, it is evident that he must have the coöperation of the scholar.—For what is there gained, if he imparts information to an inattentive pupil, or attempt to guide, through a course of mental gymnastics, an unwilling or uninterested mind. To be sure, the round may be completed, but at the end, the teacher will come forth disappointed, the scholar unprofited and disgusted. Hence it is that the vocation of the teacher is one of special responsibility. As in machinery, the cogs of two adjoining wheels must play into each other nicely and smoothly, in order that the motion of the machine be without jar and perfect: so in education must the functions of the teacher and the scholar be exercised together, if the former is to succeed and the latter be profited. An artist may produce a perfect picture from a dead man even, but the teacher cannot secure mental development from a *lifeless* pupil. Hence no system of teaching is perfect, or worthy of adoption, which does not secure the hearty co-operation of the scholar, and by co-operation, we mean a

disposition and intention on the part of the scholar to do his part of the work. How far this disposition and intention can be secured by positive, external, tangible means, or what might be called the system of rewards and punishments, we do not stop here to inquire.

There are two extreme theories of teaching, and as in other things, so here, one of these has been the result of a rebound from the other. These two theories may fitly be styled, the *abstract* and the *concrete*. The former is the original, and the one which, until a comparatively recent date, has been practiced in all our schools and colleges. Its main features are these: first, a rigid adherence to some text book by the teacher, and, secondly, a scrupulously exact reproduction of the same by the scholar. This theory supposes, or is based upon, two things. First, that the one who wrote the book was of all teachers the wisest; and, secondly, that the scholar must have no doubts as to the truth of the text book, and entertain no presumptuous scepticism as to its being the Alpha and Omega of the subject about which it treats. It was due to the remorseless application of this theory that we used to learn to "carry one for every ten," and in long division to "place the dividend between two curved lines, and the quotient at the left of the dividend, instead of under, as in short division," and so learning, and so doing, we not unfrequently reached the "Rule of Three" without understanding a single principle of Arithmetic. But those days have past. We no longer learn by rote. Apples, pins, or marbles, now teach young tyros the stern precepts of Ray or Adams, and moulding clay now furnishes material for triangles, cubes, and parallelograms. But this change has not taken place in our schools alone, but a similar revulsion has been worked in some of our colleges. It was not long since that text books upon every branch of study were universally used in our colleges, while now, in some of our colleges at least, in every department which *can* be taught without a text book, lectures either entirely supersede, or to a great degree are made to take the place of the text book. This lecture system in col-



leges, together with the toy department of our schools, constitute the main features of what we have designated as the concrete theory of teaching. Not that the former is parallel, or so far removed from the old method of teaching as the latter, but because it is the effect of the same cause, and aims to obviate similar difficulties. Now there is much which may be said in support of the lecture system, as such. Viewing it in respect to its natural tendencies it may be urged, first, that it does away with the abstractness, or what we might call the inhumanity of book knowledge. In our earlier days it is hard for us to realize that books should have been written by men of the same species as those we see around us, and even in later years it is difficult to consider books as live things, to take them as the living words of an absent man. They lack much of the freshness of mouth-spoken words, and hence we often read sentences upon the written page with little or no effect upon ourselves, which would thrill us, were they vocalized in our hearing. But now the lecture system has a *tendency* to obviate this difficulty. And again, there is a presumption in favor of it, in that it would seem to remove the danger of mental servility. The old abstract method made men slaves. It checked doubt, repressed inquiry, and thus removed a fruitful cause of mental development. But the lecture system has a tendency to avoid this danger. And finally, the lecture system gives teachers an opportunity to correct, and to supplement the text books.—Books are not divine, nor authors infallible, and it is necessary that teachers should have the opportunity of acting in view of this fact. Having thus glanced at the chief benefits which may be said to belong to the system of lectures viewed in the abstract, or with reference to their *natural tendencies*, we propose now to present the disadvantages attending the *actual operation* of the system in college education. We say in college education, for below college the lecture system is not employed, and in post-college courses it will manifestly not be liable to the same objections, or have a tendency to the same results, as in college, and for this reason, that, in the higher institutions a different class of students is found, men of more mature minds, of different motives and determinations.

In our introduction, we stated the self-evident proposition, that no method of teaching possesses any merit, farther than it regards and provides for the character and wants of the student, and is calculated to carry the scholar along with the teacher. A guide may be well acquainted with the route himself, and yet if he flies along

at such a rapid pace that the traveler cannot keep in sight of him, the latter might as well be without a guide. And if the traveler purposely lags behind, the state of things will be no better. So must the teacher and the scholar go along together, if the former would do his duty, and the latter be profited. In other words, teaching is both a science and an art. It is a science, in so far as it consists of general rules, in accordance with which, knowledge may be imparted and faculty developed, in the connection of mind with mind; it is an art, in so far as it consists in the application of these rules to the character and wants of particular students. To illustrate. A Professor may have a fine course of lectures. They may combine literary ability, exhaustive analysis, and comprehensive induction.—They may contain much information that is valuable, and be well adapted to develop mind, and yet if that Professor proceeds to deliver them, wholly leaving out of view the ability and disposition of his scholars to follow and to understand him, he might as well lecture to empty seats, or to dead men.

Having stated this general principle which underlies all successful teaching, we come now to present a few reasons, which we think, make it evident that the lecture system is not the one adapted to secure the ends aimed at in college education. This proof will be of two kinds. First, that which is furnished by character of college students, and secondly, that which arises from the nature of the method itself. Under the first head we may safely affirm, that the majority of college students are not actuated by an earnest desire and determination to improve the advantages, and master the studies of a college course. Many, who do not contemplate a professional life, come to college, as it were, to obtain a passport for after-life. Others regard the college course as an unimportant preface to a professional course of study; while with others that meaning phrase—to some the epitome and quintessence of a blessing-speaking language—a “good time” is synonymous with college life. To compel these unheeding and unwilling classes to the college feast, the method of rewards and punishments, embodied in the system of grading, has been generally adopted by our colleges. But what does the efficiency of the system of grading depend upon? Through what means does it effect the end for which it is designed? Evidently by means of recitations. It is through recitations that zeros become increments, and suspensions are rendered possible. And if these recitations come frequently, so that the student may



safely calculate upon the frequent recurrence of "his turn," many will be made tolerable students, who could not summon sufficient resolution and energy to do anything, were this pressure removed; and even those who desire to do nothing, may be persuaded into paroxysms of study. One thing is certain, they will not study if they are not obliged to recite. Now this lecture system comes in, and to a great extent does away with recitations. Suppose that every lecture be the subject of the next recitation upon that branch, even then the number of recitations is diminished by half, and the chances of "being up" in the same proportion. So much less study is thus rendered necessary, and undoubtedly so much less is done. We have supposed that every lecture is recited upon, and this is the result. But if now we take the case when lecture follows lecture in quick succession, and that for weeks and months, without a recitation on the same—what a fine time our easily disposed student will have! Take now into account the positive evil—the loose habits of study, inattentive listening, mental dissipation in general, and physical dissipation to fill up the chinks, and what an argument against lectures. It is useless to say, that if students would only take these lectures down and study them, no disadvantage could attend them. Humanity is sadly fallen—and college students will *not* be bored by taking down *dry* lectures upon which they are not to recite. And are they not logical, when their principle is, do as little as you can.—And in view of this fact, also, the arguments which we adduced in favor of the *tendencies* of the lecture system, are rendered worthless. For what is gained by endeavoring to present a subject in an inviting dress, if those to whom it is presented, are wholly careless as to the subject in hand, and also in regard to the matter of mental development? And why try to guard against mental servility in such a state of things? Is not mental servility preferable to mental inactivity and idleness? And why seek to supplement, when that which is already written receives no attention? Hence the lecture system is condemned by the test of the fundamental principle—it does not regard

the character and meet the wants of college students. Under the second head of our proof, as the first subdivision, we have the difference between the lecturer, and the living speaker under other circumstances. The lecturer in college can never become the orator. For even though the subjects themselves open up a wide field for the display of oratorical power, yet the end to be secured in a lecture is information, and this forbids a high process of eloquence. But were this not so, the necessary condition of the hearers, as pinned down to their note-books, forever prohibits the lecturer from becoming the orator. But with regard to some, perhaps the majority of college lecturers, we need none of these arguments. The fact is before us—they are not orators. Some of them even sit in their chairs and recite their prosy and merciless disquisitions, exhibiting in the meantime about as much life and intention, as the ignorant priest in the machine like vocalization of his Latin Prayers.

And also with regard to the subject matter, we say it is not so easily or so surely got from lectures as from the printed page. We get our information through the senses as media, and much, we all know, depends upon the manner, and the various accidents connected with the presentation to these handmaids of the soul. Who does not know that it is much easier to learn from a nicely bound book, of large clear type, than from a bundle of untrimmed, heterogeneous leaves of small and dingy type, euphemistically called a syllabus! And what shall we say of the necessity which this lecture system forces upon students, of learning from pencil marks, and those, too, made in the feverish heat of the class room! No wonder that mental appetite is not sharpened, through the desire of the senses.

We can here but notice one more feature of the lecture system, which is the *physical labor* which it brings with it. This is by no means inconsiderable. Every lecture costs one hour of hard labor to get it in the shape of "notes," and then to become of any use for future review, this lecture must be copied, which is another hour's work, so that every lecture requires *two hours of tedious, toilsome drudgery* and all this to

furnish you with an unprinted text book, containing matter but for one recitation ! If printing had not been invented, we might with some show of reason have been called upon to endure this chirographical drill, but shall invention now be put to shame, by our spending our "vim vitae" in such a way ? And besides what shall these poor fellows do, who prefer *head* work to that of the *hand*, and who are physically unable to meet the requirement of the lecture system ? "Stay at home, of course." To sum up, we say, that the lecture system in college leaves out of view entirely the character of the majority of college students, and per consequens, is guilty of all the evil results following in the wake of an "easy time" in college ; that it does not possess the merits of living speaking ; that it makes study more difficult, by substituting the written for the printed page ; and that it brings with it a vast amount of unnecessary physical drudgery, which exhausts patience, and disgusts mental desire. Let us hope that future generations, whatever else they may have to endure, may rejoice in a deliverance from the system of college lectures, or if lectures must come, that they may be of the genus "curtain," which we may neglect without serious detriment to the *mental* powers, and which, being unwritten and unpublished, we are obliged to hear from the mouth of the lecturer.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

There is a music in the sea,
As its wild waves beat the shore,
Fierce and free ;
For the Dead its dirge notes be,
So calm they sleep, where the Peris weep,
Forever more.

There is a music in the bell,
 As it tolls its vesper lay,
 So sweet it sings,
 Of the rest that evening brings,
 When fairies dance, 'neath the moonbeam's glance,
 Light and gay.

There is a music in each star,
 Which softly twinkles from afar ;—
 Half hid they lie,
 In the ambient deep of sky,
 Like diamonds bright in the Role of Night,
 Their settings be.

There is a music far above,
 The song of sea, or bell, or star, to me,
 It sings so soft,
 You scarce may hear, its accents oft,
 As they gently roll across the soul,
 The voice is love.

You see its power in the mother's eye,
 As she bends o'er her cradled child,
 Hushed in sleep,
 And prays that God may guide its way,
 And make each scene, through life's long day,
 With joys replete.

You hear its words on the evening air,
 In the gentle lay of the Lover's lute,
 Soft and sweet,
 As he sings its notes, to his lady fair :—
 Of her flashing eyes, and golden hair,
 In accents meet.

You know its power, from that Sacred Guide,
 Sent down to light our Homeward way,
 To realms above.
 Far beyond the joys that here are found,
 In Heaven alone, its purest notes resound,
 For God is Love.

W.

HUME ON RELIGION.

Hume's *Essay on the Natural History of Religion*. Section XIV. Bad influence of popular religion on morality.

HUME'S ARGUMENT.

In every religion its votaries will still seek the divine favour, not by virtue and good morals, which alone can be pleasing to a perfect being, but by superstitious rites.

This is proved by universal experience in the first place. In the second place, it is accounted for by the fact that, the sense of moral obligation being instinctive, men lost sight of the merit which attaches to the performance of their duties, simply because this performance is so natural, and consequently they seek for something extraordinary as a means by which to recommend themselves to the deity. And the more extraordinary the action, that is, the more contrary to their natural inclinations, the higher is their sense of the merit. Thus it often happens that the most lofty religious professions, and the most ardent zeal are consistent with the grossest immorality of conduct. And as superstition tends ultimately to increase the very terrors which it strives to allay, the evil is continually aggravated.

If it were not for unmistakeable inuendo, and indeed direct attack, we might easily suppose that this *Essay* was composed by some Christian philosopher, actuated by a laudable zeal to vindicate the character of his religion. It is, however, pervaded throughout by Mr. Hume's favorite theory of divorcing morality from religion, and of showing that there are within the nature of man sufficient incentives to correct actions. Its plausibility is great, and on this account its deadly venom is all the more

dangerous. It impresses into its service from all sides facts which are unquestionable. The train of reasoning by which it advances is clear and logical ; the main point upon which the argument turns is a truth which the Christian himself will readily admit ; and the conclusion which is deduced differs so little from the truth that the unwary mind, which has passed down the broad, open, road of the reasoning, will be almost certain to rest in it with implicit confidence.

The main point upon which the argument turns is that, in every system of religion, its votaries will still seek the divine favour, not by virtue and good morals, but by superstitious observances. That superstition is deeply implanted in the bosom of man, and that it reacts in its evil consequences, to degrade and debase, no one, who glances at the pages of history, or appeals to his own consciousness, will for a moment deny.—But let it be observed that this is merely a *universal evil principle in human nature*. What now if there be a system of religion which tends to eradicate this very evil ? It will certainly require reasoning to establish the negative as well as the affirmative of this question. Mr. Hume in one general proposition, denies that there is such a religion ; and the question immediately and naturally follows, what is the proof upon which the denial rests, and whence is it derived ? The very fact upon which Mr. Hume's conclusion entirely depends is, as stated in his own words, that “in every system of religion, however sublime may be the verbal definition it gives of its divinity, many of the votaries, perhaps the greater number, will still seek the divine favour, not by virtue and good morals, which alone can please a perfect being, but by frivolous observances, by intemperate zeal, by rapturous ecstasies, or by the belief of mysterious and absurd opinions.” From this well-known and admitted fact he hurries through its evil consequences, to the general conclusion. Now it is manifest that this amounts to asserting that no system of religion ever tended to eradicate an evil disposition, simply because of the existence and nature of that very disposition itself ; and the authority of no dialectician on

earth, however great may be his reputation, can persuade any one who possesses the right use of his faculties that such a course of reasoning is not utterly inconclusive. The fact is, in order to arrive at a valid conclusion concerning the influence of any creed upon the mind, the intrinsic essential nature of that creed is to be studied, and the result thus deduced is to be confirmed by an appeal to its experienced operations. On this very account, because a consideration of this kind has been altogether omitted, Mr. Hume's conclusion cannot be drawn logically from his premises, although the reasoning up to the last step may be clear and logical. He has traced the effects of an evil disposition in man; he has not proved the existence of an evil tendency in every system of religion that has flourished in the world.

Nor does it alter the state of the case to assert, that every creed, however sublime may be its moral precepts, is effected in a more or less degree by this evil feature of human nature. This is only a stronger, or the strongest proof of the superstitious tendency of man, and the original question concerning the nature of the creed remains the same. It is the curse of man, in his fallen condition, that even the holiest things are liable to be perverted by the error which is inherent in his bosom. The Christian is called upon to lament over the frequent desecration of the holy altar, and to bewail that strange fatuity which has even at our period converted into an emblem of war the very instrument which consummated the most wonderful deed of love. But who is it that judges an institution by its abuses, and who is it that condemns a principle because of its misapplication? The question still remains untouched, whether Christianity tends to elevate the moral nature of man, or whether it exerts the contrary influence by inculcating superstition and all of its attendant evils. The perversions of Christianity loom out more darkly than those of any other institution, because of the ineffable moral brilliancy against which they are thrown into gloomy relief. But this, while it may cause the Christian philosopher to mourn over the degradation

and short-sightedness of humanity, cannot furnish to the atheist a single valid reason to cast reproach upon the creed. Gather together all the superstitious rites which mankind have in various ages substituted for the simplicity of the Gospel, and all the dogmatisms and bigotries which have led men to forget its peace speaking voice; the pride, ambition, and cruelty of priestercraft, the mitre, the indulgence, the image worship, the penance, the crusade, the hermitage, and the monastery; all of those bloody contentions, which, assuming the sanction of the Bible, have sacrificed thousands of lives to the difference of a few syllables: all of those intolerant "isms" which have sprung out of the degradation of religion into scientific theology, and which, while waging relentless war against each other amidst "confusion worst confounded," have caused men to lose the *spirit*, while puzzling over the *letter* of God's word: gather them all into one mighty record, and the utmost that the most malevolent atheist can pronounce concerning them, is, Behold the folly of man! And it is a grand and conclusive argument that amidst all the clouds of ignorance and superstition which have enshrouded the world, the pure light of Christianity has shone steadily on, forever unquenchable. And more than this. A comparison of the present with the past shows that its continual tendency has been to dispel the clouds and to vindicate the inherent brilliancy of that light which shines from heaven. Its precepts are more thoroughly understood now than at any former period, and, although as long as man remains imperfect, it cannot be expected that any institution, however pure in itself, can be free from human error, still the Christian philanthropist finds in this continual tendency an earnest of the fulfillment of that promise, which declares that the time will come when the scales shall fall from the eyes of man.

In connection with the nature of the Christian religion, it is necessary to consider the broad distinction which Mr. Hume has made between morality of conduct on the one side, and superstitious rites on the other. He asserts that nothing but *virtue and good morals* can serve to recommend man to a per-

fect being, and he supposes, for the sake of argument, a popular religion in which it should be expressly declared that *nothing but morality* could gain the divine favor, adding, parenthetically, that such a system has never existed. This is only a development of that theory which would make all religion to consist in morality, and which maintains that there is within the human breast a sufficient foundation whereon to rear the structure of such a system. Such a theory attempts to move against the down-rushing tide of a mighty experience. Although the sense of moral obligation is instinctive, and although no one denies that the right is abstractly superior to the wrong; yet nothing is more indubitably certain than the depravity and weakness of human nature. No such religious creed as that which Mr. Hume has supposed could ever have secured a single believer, because man is conscious that he is not possessed of moral perfection, which would have been requisite, according to that creed, to obtaining the favor of the Deity. In this respect revelation is beautifully consistent with nature in that it presupposes the imperfection of man. The Christian religion has not cast over the world the shadow of despair by requiring, as essential to salvation, a rigid conformity to a standard which man can never attain; on the contrary, with an adaptation to the capacities of our nature which is after all one of its grandest confirmations, it declares that whosoever *strives* to be perfect shall, through divine assistance, and notwithstanding the weakness of the flesh, gain at last the lofty prize at which he aims.

Again, this distinction between acts of morality and superstitious observances contains an evident inuendo against the Christian duties which arise out of the relation of man to God. The difference on this point between the Christian and the infidel is a radical one, being founded immediately on the difference of their mental states in reference to the existence of the Deity. The one, denying the existence of God, circumscribes his duties within the limits of his relation to man; the other, as he enlarges his belief so as to embrace the other relation, en-

larges also proportionally the sphere of his duties. It is true that we here pass out of the region of the real and palpable into that of the mysterious, but it is sufficient for us to know that reason approves the course, and that it is in analogy with the natural order of things. The reasonable, and not the known, forms the true antithesis to the superstitious. Mr. Hume's own doctrine of necessary connexion furnishes a fine exemplification of this point. According to his view, the dependence of an effect upon its cause is a mystery which the mind of man can never penetrate: and yet he himself explains the doctrine of necessity to mean that whenever an efficient cause is present under the appropriate conditions, we may with certain assurance expect its appropriate effect. No one understands what gravity is, and yet Mr. Hume does not term it a superstition to believe that a stone, if unsupported in the air, will fall to the ground: while, on the other hand, should any one give credence to the assertion of a pretended Sybil that, if a certain stone were cast into the air, it would ascend forever, we would manifestly term this a superstition, not because we understand the nature of the cause which would bring it back again, or the connexion of that cause with its effect, but because all reasonable considerations, derived from experience, incline us to the contrary belief. This example does not furnish a complete analogy, but in reference to the particular point to be established, namely, that many things which are mysterious, may be reasonably believed, it is proof conclusive. Whoever acknowledges the existence of an omnipotent, omniscient being, the Creator, and supreme governor of the world, must also acknowledge certain duties which spring out of the relations in which he stands towards that being, because, although they may be mysterious, they are yet under the superstition of those relations, reasonable in the highest degree. In the case adduced as an example the reasonableness of the belief is derived from experience, and it is at this point that the analogy between the two cases ceases to exist. The reasonableness of the belief, in the latter case, is derived from the instincts of the mind, and from the analogy

of our relations to man. Take as an example the duty of worshipping God. What is more highly rational, to put it on this ground alone, than an expression of reverence for the being who created us, a fervent outpouring of thanksgiving to him who showers upon us the choicest blessings, even amidst all of our ill-desert, or an humble petition for a continuance of his mercies to him upon whom we are entirely dependent day by day, and hour by hour, for the very breath which supports our existence, and for all that renders life comfortable and happy. Nature, both inanimate and intelligent, joins her varied tones with the voice of revelation in one loud proclamation to man to kneel in humility and devoutness before the majesty on high,

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

These duties may degenerate into superstitious observances, but only at a point where they cease to be reasonable. That modern doctrine which holds that certain forms of worship are essential to salvation is at once a gross superstition, and a wicked blasphemy; and that opposite extreme, which maintains that all stated forms are sinful, bears exactly the same character, with the single qualification in its favor, that it is less sinful, because less condemnatory, and less subversive of the true spirit of Christianity.

We have thus endeavored to show that Mr. Hume's general proposition was erroneous because an evil influence in a system of religion cannot be logically deduced from a bad tendency in human nature. And it has not been shown, by any considerations of its nature, that Christianity excites and nourishes the superstitious tendencies of man. We have also endeavored to show the fallaciousness of the assertion that nothing but morality of conduct can recommend man to God; and we have striven to defend those duties which arise out of the revelation of man to the Deity, from the charge of superstition, on the ground of their reasonableness. It only remains to add that the prohibition of superstition and idolatry, forms one of the

chief features of the Bible, being enjoined by direct and positive commandment, and enforced by fearful examples of punishment.

As to the sublime character of the moral teachings of the Bible, it may be taken as granted here, since it has never been, nor can ever be, assaulted by the cavils of the infidel. Atheistical philosophy may exert its energies in searching for contradictions amidst the historical portions, and the speculative tenets of Christianity, but the pride of the intellect is involuntarily bowed before the majesty of that system, which promulgates the very abstract of all social wisdom in that simple, but superhuman sentence, "love your neighbor as yourself."

BESIDE THE WATER.

Leonora one morn met me,
Face all smiles, eyes bright with glee.
"If you listen, I will read you,
What is song's philosophy."

"Do!" I said, "For I have pondered
Yet the toil all fruitless seems.
Has it high and holy purpose?
Is it more than idle dreams?"

Then she read: "A noble maiden
Haunted by bright poesies,
Sat beneath dark elms at vesper,
Overlooking drowsy seas.

In one snowy hand that slumbered
On her knee a book reclined,
Sunset-stained with fine conceptions,
Splendors of the antique mind.

Some sweet singer sheafed its fables,
 Blending revel, love and war;
 For a frontispiece, two lovers,
 And a steed mane-streaked with gore.

Famous knights on steeds of lightning.
 Split in tournaments their spears;
 High-born dames in court and castle
 Touched the lute with smiles or tears;

Armies clashed on fields of battle,
 Heroes stalked to fame through blood;
 While the souls of serfs, all speechless,
 Waiting for their singer stood.

Then she sighed, the gentle lady,
 Trickling tears obscured the page
 As she pondered all the meanness
 Of that false named "golden age;"

How the poet, heaven-commissioned,
 Bent his knee to power and crime,
 But for all the heart's deep yearnings,
 Faith, devotion, had no rhyme.

"Oh! my soul, is this song's glory?"
 Cried the maid in heartfelt rage.
 Lo! a tender, moving story
 Dropped sweet violets on the page.

'Twas a tale of love and valor,
 Sung 'neath lulling leaves of France,
 Of a knight whose holy passion
 Clove her spirit like a lance.

By the walls of dear Jerusalem,
 Smote his arm the Paynim low.
 Through the streets and up Moriah
 Leaped his horse above the foe.

Fiery crosses led him onward,
 "In hoc signo," filled his eyes,
 Till at last his soul was stricken
 Where St. George entombed lies.

Then the rhythm, fainter, mournful,
Took a cadence, (oh ! how sweet,)
“ I would give long years of glory
For one moment at thy feet.”

Hated grew the sacred struggle,
Hated grew the proud array.
“ I will die amidst this glory,”
Shrieked his pallid soul alway.

Wild the verse wailed at the closes
Like dead-marches through a street ;
I would give long years of glory,
For one moment at thy feet.”

From his steed he tore the bridle,
Trod the saddle in the dust,
Heard no more the bugle sounding
To the strife of pride and lust.

Last, a dying man at twilight
Knelt beside a mound of green ;
Looking long toward Heaven he murmured,
“ Coming, coming, Madeleine !”

That sweet morn beside the water,
Sure we did not deem it strange
That the truthful girl should linger
O'er this tale of love and change ;

For 'tis truth, as noonday splendent,
That the phantoms of the time
Must give place to truth and beauty
In the poet's living rhyme.

And I said : “ The Master-Singers
Must give voice to faith and love.”
“ Yes,” she whispered, “ faith that carries
Love unto her home above.”

FRESHNESS AND COLLEGE DIGNITY.

When a student goes home from College, after the session has been ended, his dignity is a general subject of remark. This may be all very well; for it is in the nature of man to wish to be regarded as talented by all his acquaintances, and it is thought by some, that a dignity put on for the occasion may sometimes hide their intellectual faults and flaws, and create an hallucination in the minds of their uneducated companions. But it seems that it has become a characteristic of the students of Nassau Hall, not only to be dignified at home, but to assume a certain mysterious air among their fellow students; to appear learned and profound among their companions here, and thus to attempt to gain a reputation, as a genius at College. If perchance, you go into the room of one who has taken high in any branch, you are met on the threshold with a learned extempore discussion on the importance and benefits of, and the interest connected with, that particular study. At whatever hour of the day, you enter the domicile of one of these worthies, you will never find a crowd of jolly students, laughing at some well intended cute, "but cloud instead, and ever-during dark" surrounds its inmate; and you will perchance find him polling over his books (a habit which we admire in every one) or discussing with some illustrious compeer, the correctness of Hamilton's division of the Mental Faculties, or the Continental pronunciation of the dead languages. It does not even end here. If you open one of our magazines, you will find it filled with subjects like "the Infinity of Eternity," or "Inductions developed from the Atomic theory," followed by essays with words as profuse as the drops of the ocean, but possessing ideas as light and as sparse as the "small dust of the balance." This dignity is not only amusing, as it is little, but it also works evil results. It brings upon its possessor a morose and sullen disposition, and an egotism, which will inevitably result in his being despised by all with whom he comes in contact, no matter

what may be the calibre of his intellect, or the character of his attainments. So prevalent is this among the Collegians here, that, whenever any one chooses to run or jump or hollow "heads out," when every one else is quiet, he is immediately stigmatized with the opprobrious epithet of "*Freshman.*" Now of these two dispositions, we own that we would rather by far be possessed of a Freshman's character, than to be required to carry this supercilious dignity wherever we went. This latter does very well when men are in high and responsible stations in life, and we pity the person who cannot put it on or remove it whenever he may choose. But as for continually wearing it, and always speaking to an acquaintance in a morose and dignified way, whether you meet him in company or alone, we must say that we heartily despise it, and our earnest endeavor and wish will be, forever to be delivered from it.

But what is this Freshness of which we are speaking? It is not *verdancy*. That newie, who has been sold to the amount of \$5.00, for a horn-spree, did not indicate by the act that he was a fresh-man, but a verdant-man; and that fellow who was lately smoked out, and initiated into the mysteries of the Hogi-Mogi, was not fresh but green. Freshness has nothing to do with verdancy at all. Indeed it often happens that the so-called fresh often perpetrate the best jokes, and the largest sells of College. Freshness is nothing more than the outbursting of a fun-loving, [good-natured disposition, showing itself, perhaps, at times, in a somewhat foolish manner, but generally betokening a good and generous nature; and that student is a Freshman* who dares to show to his fellow-students that he loves fun, and that he can perpetrate and take a joke with equal equanimity, notwithstanding the jeers of the dignified, and the disgust of the metaphysical. Now we see nothing in this that indicates a want of mental stamina; and as little do we see in the dignity of students, anything to betray genius or talent. But not only does freshness, in itself, not hurt any student, but it indicates certain traits of character which we admire in every one.

* No reference is here made to any particular class.

It certainly requires *courage*, for one when he knows that he will be despised by a great many of his fellow-students for so doing, to act as he thinks is best conducive to his own pleasure by being fresh. No one will deny that that man is acting out his own *individual character*, who behaves in a so-called fresh-man-like manner, for surely no one will counterfeit it, when he knows that he will be contemned by most of his companions for so acting. It certainly shows its possessor to be a man of *kindly feelings* toward his friends and companions; for surely it will be productive of no good in college, to assume it, and while wearing the garb, to court the friendship of acquaintances; for the very possession of it makes one unpopular. The Freshman talks and acts in perhaps a very ridiculous manner; but you find few of this class who do not speak and act in a gentlemanly and friendly way to all whom they respect. Besides these traits of character, which freshness indicates, from its very nature it also is calculated to send away and dispel all sullenness and low-spiritedness. The freshman is seldom subjected to the blues and like disagreeable sensations, so common among college students. Ever ready for jollity, as the occasion is so often presented here, he is never out of spirits, but is always overflowing with fun. Ever ready to produce merriment for others, he is always in a state of merriment himself. A jolly, good-natured fellow, a good and generous companion, an earnest and sincere friend is the freshman. Thus, though he may for a while be unpopular, yet he will soon be liked by most, and his friends will increase as he is better known.

Youth is, and should be, the pleasant part of our existence.—We should not magnify the trials of our younger days; for greater ones are in store for us. We should not cultivate a morosely-dignified disposition now, and become misanthropic on account of our college ills and disappointments, for when we have become real, active men, they will be greatly multiplied, and beautifully will we be prepared to meet them, if we cherish a trait in our character which will tend to magnify and distort them. Your true freshman will make as light of these trials as he possibly

can ; he will shove them overboard, and his bark will glide more safely down the stream of college life, and will be less likely to be sunk, when he is upon the broader stream of mankind.

But that poor, pitiable, dignified student ! And surely he is pitiable, as he walks along the street, saluting every one he meets with a patronizing, "Good-day, sir." Pitiable as he rises in recitation to instruct the instructor. Absolutely pitiable as he sits in his room with a novel in his hand, a "Bacon's Novum Organon" in his lap, an "Aristotle's Organon" on his table, so that when some student may come in, he may lay down the one, pick up the other, and be deeply interested in the abstruse matter ; and very pitiable when his more jovial companion asks him, "What are you doing, Jack," he answers sublimely, "I am endeavoring to find out whether the Organon of Bacon was designed to supersede the Organon of Aristotle." He is to be deeply commiserated ; for if he be a good-hearted, good-natured soul, he is ruining his own disposition, and wearing another's apparel which fits him meanly. And when perchance, having so far deceived himself as to think himself a model of a man and scholar, he is beaten for some desired honor by one, in his opinion, far beneath him, when he magnifies this misfortune, his grand dignity, and sublime misanthropy is suddenly metamorphosed into the snappishness of a spoiled child, or the sullenness of a whipped terrier. Gentlemen, let us advise you to put off this borrowed clothing, fit only for men in high and responsible stations in life, and let us beseech you to appear in your own character, and to show us yourself. If your name be John Smith, and you be at heart a jolly John, do not borrow "Prof. Big-wig's" dignity, for it will not make you him, or give you his talents by a great-deal. You cannot deceive your fellow students. They are as acute as you ; and far from being regarded as talented, you will at best be considered a poor mimic. To those who *really* possess a sullenly-dignified disposition, we have nothing to say, other than to beseech them to rid themselves of it as soon as possible ; for it will make them miserable here, and their misery will increase in a geometrical progression as they grow

older. Let us *all* be ourselves ; let us act our own characters ; let us show our identity, our individuality ; a Dickens cannot be a Carlyle, nor a Doesticks a Webster. Let us do this, and if we do not blind ourselves with the pleasing illusion that our fellow students regard us talented, we shall at least be better prepared to go into active life, and be ready with a better grace to be thrown upon the charities of a cold, a mean and selfish world.

THE SYMBOLICAL.

Man is a creature of two worlds ; not all of earth, for he is a living soul ; yet not wholly spirit, for he is of the dust of the earth. And however it may be with pure spirit, as for man, his spiritual nature being, as it were, shut in by the body, whatever communication he receive or make, must be through the medium of sense. And, therefore, since sense admits no other than sensuous forms, if thought go forth or enter to the human soul it must take upon itself some sensuous body. Thus, from the very constitution of humanity, language is determined in its nature as symbolical.

If then thought must take upon itself a body, what shall that body be ? For any thought will any and every image do alike ? How could it ? Can *light* ever be the symbol of *evil*, or *darkness of good* ? is not the truth, light ? and the darkness, fit symbol of error ? The body of our friend indeed is not that which is most himself ; it is the spirit which we love, and which loves ; and yet the fleshly body as it is to-day is his, not by any accidental co-existence but organized into a part of himself, shaped by his spirit, and outwardly conformed so as to manifest that spirit's individuality. And so every *thought* must

have, not *any* body by chance assumed, but some one which is as truly the outward expression of that one thought, as the fleshly body of a man is of his inner spirit. In either case alike, a sensuous material, in itself possessing none but character of matter, by a spiritual principle entering or abiding in it, by and according to it receives an individual life. Hence the symbol is far more to any thought than a chance garb in which it is clothed ; to be laid aside or assumed at pleasure : rather is there a vital and indissoluble union between the symbol and the thought ; a union, not fancied or created by man, and but the work of that same creating will which at the first made *man* a soul and body. Were this not so ; were these sensuous forms to be indifferently assumed, according to individual caprice ; how then were language possible ? how could man, at first, be sure that under any form thought would be known and recognized ? Do we speak of some arbitrary system ? how were this possible but by previous deliberation, and that by language ? The symbolical, therefore, is quite independent of human thought or will, and has its origin in the very nature of things material and spiritual, as created by the will of God. And we may, in accordance with these principles define a symbol to be an individual sensuous form, by which a supersensuous entity is or may be mediated to the human soul.

These supersensual entities may be concrete or abstract. To the former class belong all such substantial being and all such events, as, for any reason, cannot be apprehended by the sense ; to the latter, all generic or abstract ideas, which, however real in a certain sense, have no reality as substance. From this analysis we may distinguish the symbolical as of two classes. Where, from the very conditions, the image cannot express the thoughts by likeness of form or substance, two ways alone remain—there may be an analogy, a resemblance of *relations*, between the symbol and the object of the thought ; or a direct association of the one with the other ; whence we have symbols founded on analogy, and symbols founded on association. It is then immediately evident that each super-

sensual *concrete* will find its symbol in that sensuous object or event of similar relations ; while each abstract idea will be fitly symbolized by that sensuous concrete in which it is most fully realized. And this, we apprehend, will give us the distinction between the symbol and the emblem ; the emblem being the symbol founded on association, while the symbol in its stricter sense, is founded on analogy.

This would seem to be confirmed by the etymology of the terms ; the one being derived from *συμβάλλομαι*, the other from *ἐμβάλλομαι*: the *εν* of composition denoting just this more intimate association, as of quality and substance. And if this would seem to mislead, as if then the *emblem* should be,—not the substance, but the inhering quality ; we may understand this, when we remember that, in this case, the *quality* is regarded as the essential thing, while the substance is held quite subordinate in thought, and, for that reason is fitly viewed as rather put upon the quality. But are the symbol and the emblem thus distinguished ? They are not ; and chiefly, as we judge, for these two reasons : For, in the first place, the symbol, in its generic meaning, includes the emblem ; and very frequently, the generic term is used for the specific. But again, as many abstract terms relate to qualities of spiritual existence, it is very plain that we must carry all such by analogy into the reach of sense, before they can be symbolized ; then, as in other cases, we shall find their symbols by association. And according as the one or other process is more distinctly in the mind, we shall use one or the other term.

A further brief analysis will give a last distinction. Every matter of knowledge is that which is, or that which happens. Now while all existence is object of sense-perception, or not, in virtue of its essential nature only,—as matter, or spirit, or abstract quality of either ; events are apprehended by sense or not, also according as they have come to pass or not ; wherefore all future events are properly matters of symbolization. Here we find the symbol taking its highest form, becoming, not only a revelation of the unseen in the pres-

ent, but prophetic of the future ; it is the *type*. Unaided human intuition can never apprehend it. Man might have *conjectured* that the dry seed planted, and from death arising into life, might be prophetic of his own hereafter rising from the dead, yet no philosophy even dared affirm it ; and not, except by inspiration, could the great Paul, in these latter days, send forth that declaration, now of so deep, sublime, and sure significance to every man—“God giveth to *every seed* his own body.”

We have thus attempted to set forth the nature of the symbol ; and to discriminate between the symbol, the emblem, and the type. We have seen that all alike are sensuous images of things beyond the ken of sense ; that, as the object of our thoughts is concrete or abstract, its representation is possible by analogy or by association, whence the distinction of the symbol and the emblem ; and, finally, that when the concrete represented is somewhat in futurity, the symbol takes the higher form of type, and is prophetic.

Thus we may see that not in outward forms and laws is found the chief use of things and their deepest significance.—He has lived no high spiritual life who in the universe discerns no more than these ; he is spiritually dim of vision, and cannot understand where and whither he is walking. The universe is more than a creation ; it is a revelation ; nay, that first genesis of things which are seen, but typifies a grander, mightier, creation by that same God, the new creation, of the spirit in Christ Jesus ; a creation still progressing, yet some time to be completed by the dawning of another “Seventh day,” of which alas, like that former, it shall *not* be written any more, “the evening and the morning were the day ;” as it is also written of that coming day—“thy sun shall not go down,” and “there shall be no night.”

MUSIC.

Oh ! unseen spirit of most heavenly tone !
 Beating the air with thy melodious breath,
 Ye speak a language which is all your own,
 As sad and sweet as Death.

Far out, far out, I peer into the Night,
 Whence thy soft voice comes creeping to my ears ;
 Is it a dream,—or do I hear aright
 The music of the spheres ?

Sinking and swelling with a mournful flow,
 Like fairy pipes by Spirit-Shepherds played,
 Who touched the reed as if they did not know
 What harmony they made.

Sinking and swelling in a mournful strain,
 Like rustling whispers in the drowsy trees,
 Like mermaids moaning with excess of pain,
 Around the Hebrides.

Oh ! Spirit echoes from the Spirit-Land !
 Oh ! unseen Dwellers of the filmy stars !
 I feel the pressure of thy magic wand,
 And long to break my bars.

Ye bear me back upon your shadowy wings
 To times whereon it tortures me to dwell ;
 Where all day long Joy bubbled up, like springs
 Within a wildwood dell.

Ye mind me of pure thoughts like Summer lakes,
 Young hopes and dreams that died in days of old ;
 Ye mind me of the form of one who makes
 Her bed beneath the mould.

Is it a dirge ye chant for my lost youth ?
 Is it a requiem for the buried years ?
 Speak ye, oh ! Spirit of the Night of ruth
 And future floods of tears !

Or art thou, holy, sweet, and solemn sound !
 Her angel voice flung down on starry beams,
 To stir strange tumults which tears cannot drown,
 And haunt me in my dreams ?

Oh ! I will deem thee *her* most heavenly hymn,
Sung in the pauses of celestial praise ;
And I will watch the evening stars grow dim,
To listen to thy lays.

So sing unto me softly—unseen Soul !
Sing softly on, thy dear enticing song !
My years roll swiftly to their destined goal,
Oh ! Love, 'twill not be long !

THE ORIGIN OF ALE.

It is a story told by one of our poets, that the gods in a listless humor one day oppressed by the heat of the "noon-day sun" were all a-nodding from Jupiter on his Olympic throne to Ganymede his cup-bearer. At length, roused from his torpor by the rumbling of Apollo's team overhead, Jove rose from his seat and looking round him beheld all the gods and goddesses asleep. The stately Juno, the beautiful Minerva, the chaste Diana, the indiscreet yet still lovely Venus, reposed in one corner of the royal hall, while the war-loving Mars, the inventive Vulcan, the jolly Bacchus, old Neptune of fishy savour, and a host of other minor lights quietly slept in another. More in sorrow than in wrath, Jove ordered his page to wake them all, and seating himself upon his throne made them a short address, the substance of which was that it was too hot and that something must be done to relieve them—thereupon Bacchus, who from his constant use of stimulants had suffered most from the heat, rose up and in his laconic yet expressive style, said, that with his majesty's kind permission, he would show them a thing or two; he had a little compound in view that would drive away the heat and open their eyes for them. Jove graciously nodded his assent, and Bacchus calling to his aid Ceres and Venus retired from the room. Again the gods

were nodding until the entrance of the trio, bearing each one a large bowl of a liquid compound distilling a sweet fragrance through the room, aroused them all. It was a strange liquid to the assembled company: Ceres savored mightily of hops, as though she had just come out of a bin, but from the other two no indications of what it was compounded of, or what its character was, were given, only Venus looked prettier than usual, with a deep tint of red on her beautiful cheek, and Bacchus before disconsolate and panting, teemed all over in every wrinkle of his rubicund face with irrepressible grins. It was a pleasant thing to manufacture at any rate. Its merits as a potable were yet to be tried. The services of the swift-footed Gany-mede were at once brought into requisition, and the cup went round. Never was experiment so successful: the goddesses in a body declared that it was just the thing. Jove, to whom first of the gods the cup was presented, expressed his approbation of the compound by a "Good-boy, Bacchus," and knighted him on the spot, while Mars, between whom and Bacchus there had been for some time past a little misunderstanding, in presenting the hand of renewed friendship so far forgot himself and the presence of ladies, as to exclaim, in the exuberance of his approving feelings, "Bully for you." Even old Neptune, fishy old Neptune, who hadn't been known to take anything but salt water for years, after tasting it, said, he guessed he'd take another. And so it went the rounds, eliciting hearty approbation from all. Again the gods were restored to their wonted humor—the heat and despondency were dispelled, and gaiety ruled the hour. Pan struck up the "Lancers," and soon the forms of stately goddesses and stalwart gods were commingled together in the giddy mazes of the dance, all, except Bacchus and Neptune, who retired early in the evening to brew mayhap another bowl of the new celestial compound. It was a great day in Olympus that day—the scene was a great one, and the actors of that scene too were great, and the event of that day was a great one: for there on Olympus' sacred mount, in the presence of all the gods and by the gods them-

selves, was created Ale—bright, pellucid, frothing, foaming old Ale—“the beverage which cheers but does not inebriate. Worthy, thrice worthy of thy noble origin art thou Ale ! though a Ceres did afford the materials a Bacchus compound and a Venus with her beautiful round arm mix them. Thou hast never disgraced thy origin. Centuries have rolled round since thy creation,—“Ilium fuit,” “Carthagena delata est,” “Roma vires reliquit,” kingdoms have been lost and won, empires built up and pulled down in the ceaseless march of time, even new worlds discovered, and yet thou hast remained ever the same—then thou didst relieve the gods from care and despondency, and now thy mission to mortal man is the same. The alleviator of care, the originator of pleasure, thou ever will cause the countenance of him who partakes of thee to beam with joyous smiles as did that of Bacchus, when compounding thee—the producer of health recommended in every clime by the best Physicians, the cheek of him who tastes thee mantles with the healthy crimson as did that of Venus when she mixed thee—the promoter of good will on earth among men, thou diffuseth good feeling around thee, as did Ceres at thy birth, the fragrance of the herbs, which compose thee. Everywhere is thy influence felt. Germany muddled with transcendentalistic theories grows clear over thee—England petulant and morose, under thy benign influence, grows ruddy and happy,—France lively and loquacious,—and America, Young America, rent in twain as she is, has yet in each part a mouth left to taste and a tongue to proclaim thy virtues. Yes, it is a right royal compound. Ceres in all her munificent generosity never gave her products to more noble purposes : Bacchus with all his ingenuity never showed higher powers of invention: and Venus in all her conflicts of love never used her fair arm to better purpose than in mixing this first celestial jorum of bright foaming frothy amber-colored jolly old Ale.

ORIGINALITY OF THOUGHT, AS AFFECTED BY THE MATURITY OF LITERATURE.

It is a subject of wonder to many persons that the great works of a nation should so frequently be produced at so early a stage of its civilization, but when we give the subject a little attention, our wonder at this seeming paradox will vanish. In an age when each department of literature has been successfully cultivated, great minds will too often follow the path marked out by others. In a ruder age they will make one for themselves. The earlier ages of a nation are the most favorable to great original works; the later periods to correct taste. It seems that the creative faculty in its greatest perfection, and the critical faculty in its highest development cannot exist together. The chemist can analyze, but he cannot create; he can take to pieces this wonderful mechanism of our human frame, but he cannot set the complicated machinery in motion; he can accurately describe the composition of the earth, but he cannot create the tiniest blade of grass which we tread upon. Thus it is with the works of the mind. The power that can analyze the master-pieces of genius, seems incompatible with the power that can create. They require a different order of minds. The critic reasons—the poet feels. With the one, judgment is everything; with the other, imagination. Thus an age when knowledge is diffused, when the works of great authors are generally read and admired, is the age of good taste and correct criticism. The age when men are ignorant that poetry is an art; when they look upon it not as a subject for criticism, but as a subject of deep emotions; an age, in short, when men do not reason, but feel, is the age of creative genius. The example of English literature may not seem to agree with this; for the age of Elizabeth was far from being a rude one. But then the great creative minds were those of men in a comparatively humble station and of limited education, and thus partaking of the ignorance of a past age. Racine and Corneille would

have been greater poets if they had not studied the Greek tragedies; and if Shakspeare had read Sophocles, we should not have Hamlet. It was just because he had no models to imitate, that he produced works that will be the models for all future time. While the elegance of Donne and the wit of Cowley were defaced by the most absurd and frigid conceits, an uneducated actor drew together crowds of spectators, too simple to criticize, and too excited to reason, to weep and rave with Lear. The only age capable of producing the Iliad was an age when men believed instead of reasoning; before the beautiful legends of mythology were viewed in the light in which we view fairy tales, as pretty things to amuse children. The Romans had no great original authors. They were merely imitators and imitators, too, of a bad age. They must have admired Homer and Pindar, but they imitated the Sophists and Rhetoricians. The age which follows immediately the creative is one of extreme feebleness. Men's minds undergo a sort of reaction from the height to which they have been wrought up. They see the numerous inaccuracies in their great predecessors; they forget their surpassing merits. They aim at correctness above every other quality; they attain to correctness without any other quality. This is the worst age in a nation's literature; such an age as England passed through from Shakspeare and Milton to Byron and Campbell; an age enlivened only by Dryden and Pope, neither of them creative minds. Then comes another reaction. Men become tired of correct tameness, and look back with regret on faulty genius. The great masters are again admired and imitated, and literature has a kind of Indian Summer, lacking indeed the fresh verdure of Spring, but possessing the calm and tranquil beauty of Autumn.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

History, as the principal source whence we derive our knowledge of the past, presents no subject more interesting, nor

more perplexing, to the observer of human nature, than the study of national character. Nations, like individuals, have their years of obscurity and greatness, their seasons of continuous prosperity, and at last, their moment of utter and final ruin.

It will be our object to endeavor to show, that, as in the individuals, these fluctuations are due to his character, so with a nation, its grandeur or its degradation, its weakness or its power, its happiness or its misery, mainly depend on the character of its people. National character may be defined to be, the blending of those qualities or traits, enjoyed in common by the inhabitants of the same country, which constitute the prominent and leading points of difference in distinguishing them from other nations. The causes which tend to form this character are necessarily obscure and speculative. We have however the grand and universal law, equally true in the animal as well as the vegetable economy, that "like causes must produce like effects." The peculiar physical constitution of the man must, necessarily, be transmitted in succession to his posterity, and consequently those intellectual traits which are dependent upon his physical organization, naturally pass from father to son. Again, the fertility of the soil, and the condition of the country in relation to the various phenomena of the atmosphere, are essential elements in the formation of national character. Observation and experience have well attested the fact that the inhabitants of those lands situated in the region of the tropics, where the climate is hot and enervating, and where the soil produces abundantly with little or no cultivation, are in their nature and habits, indolent, effeminate, and indisposed to labor. The reverse is equally the case: the races which have originally come from cold countries, or which still continue there, are distinguished for their boldness, energy, and self-reliant dispositions, due chiefly to the fact, that by labor and industry alone, they have been enabled to support life. The character of a people, when formed, can only be judged, generally, by their manners and customs, and

peculiar form of government, and particularly, by the permanence of their institutions, and the degree of national prosperity attached to them.

We have now to consider the general effect, which the national character exerts upon the prosperity and existence of a nation. There are two great constituent principles, which appear in every man almost as soon as his rational faculties commence to operate ; consequently, developing thus early, they are anterior to the creation of his character, and although not instrumental in forming that character, they influence and control its development. They have been termed respectively the progressive and conservative elements : their importance is obvious, for they determine the permanent or transient duration of every nation. Man, the philosophers tell us, is naturally a progressive animal, not only in regard to his growth and progress toward maturity, but also with respect to his desires and intellectual tendencies. In opposition to this feeling, and in order to prevent its obtaining the entire mastery over us, nature has implanted in the breast of every member of the human family, a powerful sensation of reverence for, and security in, old and well established institutions ; and this property of the human mind has been designated by the term conservatism. This emotion, or conservative spirit it is, which begets that reluctance and unwillingness, which we all experience, to the introduction of innovations, which have a tendency to subvert time-honored systems, rights or ceremonies. This feeling too it was, that gave utterance to the old saying that "what was good enough for our fathers must be good enough for us," which taking hold of the popular mind has done so much to retard the advance of the world in refinement and improvement. From the distinction between the progressive and the conservative spirit as thus defined, it remains now to establish the point, that that nation, in which these two elements are so combined in the disposition of its people, as to be allowed mutually to act and react one upon the other, and therefore be held in equilibrio, will necessarily secure the two great ends prosperity and existence. The

reasons for this ground are at once obvious and sufficiently tenable to sustain the position. Let us imagine a country in which the progressive spirit so predominates, as to influence and effect the moulding of the national character ; the actions not only of the individual, but of the entire people are straightway rendered subordinate to it. Under the cry of reform and progress, radicalism, the most deadly foe of law, order and government, will stalk abroad throughout the land. Under this cloak, too, political fanaticism, all the more deadly that it destroys the individual as well as the state, will disguise itself. The annals of "the reign of terror" in France, present an apt illustration of the influence and effects of the spirit of progress, when unrestrained by the spirit of conservatism. Trite and hackneyed as the subject is, christian humanity, in this enlightened age, stands aghast at the atrocities of that period, while the page of history on which they are written, blushes to record them. It will be needless to point out how equally ruinous to national prosperity and existence, are the evils resulting from the conservative spirit, when similarly unchecked ; suffice it to say, that bigoted ignorance and superstitious fear, will be the lot of that people, with whom such is the case. For the truth of the observation we may instance the kingdom of Spain : despised by her neighbors, her rights encroached upon, her alliances scorned, she exists an ignominious spectacle of national degradation. In view, therefore, of what has been said, there remains for a nation but the one course to pursue, in order to avoid the disastrous evils which have been enumerated, and to secure the two great ends we have mentioned. Her people, taught by experience and example the dangers which necessarily ensue from allowing either the conservative or progressive element to become the master-spirit, must learn to unite them *both*, in their disposition and character, by granting to *each* its due weight. The old Latin proverb is applicable, "medio tutissimus ibis ;" in order to consult their safety, nations, as well as individuals, must avoid all extremes. The country which adopts such a course, renders its inhabitants prosperous, and plants its na-

tional existence on a sure foundation. Its people secured from precipitate action, are wiser and happier. Its government, safe from the invasion of heresies, or the introduction of ultra principles, is prepared to take advantage of all the good, and reject all the evil, which the onward progress of time naturally affords.

THE LAST OF DREAM-LAND.

There's a land that I love, and where many an hour
 I've lingered the moments away
 And often e'en now I am bound by the power
 Which over that land holds its sway.
 All peaceful and bright is that land that I love,
 There softly the sun sheds his beams
 And zephyrs sail gently, so gently above
 That land—'tis the land of my dreams !

'Tis not of this world—it is better by far,
 More lovely, more pure, and more bright!
 Nothing foul—nothing false—nothing painful to mar
 The peace of this fair world of light!
 All the wants of this world are afforded me there—
 All the cravings with which my soul teems,
 Unpeased by the world, I can find them all here,
 When I come to this land of my dreams !

No hermit's life, though, is the life that I live
 When I fly to this beautiful land.
 I fly from the world—but 'tis only to give
 My heart to a more noble band !
 Nor strangers are they—all around me I see
 Dear forms I have loved in "lang syne;"
 From places afar they are gathered for me—
 Here only I feel they are mine !

And here and there I discern mid the rest
 A form I had thought gone for aye
 They have come—even back from the home of the blest —
 To greet me, e'er I too shall die.

And some who still live, but whose *love* I lament,
 Because dead, or dying, it seems—
 These lived, unloving, thank God they are sent
 To love in this land of my dreams!

And thus has the morning of life passed away
 'Till its sun has gone up zenith high.
 I am bid to break loose from the bonds of the fay
 Who has ruled o'er the hours gone by!
 That sun tells me now that far spent is the day—
 Admonished at last by his beams—
 I linger—one look—'tis the last, for away
 I must leave thee, sweet land of my dreams!

Back—back again to this work-day world
 Must I come, since this life's sun is high
 Which bids me to *do* and to *dream* when I've furled
 My sails for the harbour so nigh,
 Where "no work nor device" can be found, for poor man
 "To his long home" is hastening it seems—
Au revoir, then, sweet land, for I know that I can
 Find *then* the real land of my dreams!

B R A S S.

We move in masses—along with creeds and usages. Mode runs into Sentiment—Sentiment terminates in destiny; and many they be, who enter in. Fashion is a power, but its power is that of weakness, as with a woman. Brass is a system of violation; and its philosophy the science of things unusual and eccentric. Here it becomes a power. This is the antithesis:—Custom is necessity grown out of weakness: Brass is a violation and is strength. It encroaches and opposes, is obstinate, absolute, rebellious: It violates law and order, method and usage, manner and fashion, when it sees fit. It is an arbitrary, native, assertive force, and seeks opposition, that it may put it down. So that, sometimes it becomes a virtue opposed to the virtue of submission. It may be of the earth, earthy, and again be link-

ed with the best and sternest impulses of our nature. In higher forms it may be Pluck and Courage; and always goes by contraries—is combative, pugnacious. It may be impudence, and again firmness. Men respect it, because it makes them, and it takes little heed of their disrespect. It is Brass, and Brass forever!

There was brass in the request of Doigenes to Alexander, as we read in the familiar fable. There was brass in Oliver Cromwell, and the dissolution of the Parliament. There was brass in Ethan Allen, and the taking of Ticonderoga Fort. Franklin required brass at the French court, in drab stockings. There is brass in Secession. The principle feature of the irrepressible Yankee is his brass. Brass is progress. It never flinches—You may burn it at the stake, but it will “die game.” Brass is the politician’s *Vade Mecum*. Brass is a large element in all success. So that, putting these things together, Brass is a big thing everywhere.

Julius Cæsar had brass, so had Mark Antony—so has Walt Whitman. Clytemnestra—(the myth has past into history) had brass, so had Joan of Arc and Hester Stanhope; but it was in each of different kind. The first was a wanton and a murderer; the second, the heroic, Aegis—armed virgin; the third, the wild, imposing False Prophetess; and the brass was after its kind.

Brass comes from experience, and is stubborn. It knows humbug; and you can’t disconcert it. It makes Individuals, and the man, who has it not, is a poor vessel of infirmity. Like every other principle it may be perverted, and run to an excess; but, all in all, it pays. There is nothing like it for coolness, sufficiency, force—vir-tue.

The world would have gone on feeding flocks with the Patriarchs, had it not been for brass. Moses was a firm man; and firmness is brass. Modesty is a fine thing, but it won’t answer at large. Human activities have been slow among the people of the lutes, for magnificent agencies have a salient character, not a subduing one. Brass is at war with the sensibilities—it beats them under. Narcissus courted Echo and retired to the

woods, was easily transformed into a flower, and bloomed in that tender Metempsychosis. It took a Mountain to restrain Typhon, the Arch-rebel. The frail conceit withered easily—The brazen rebel needed an Ossa upon Pelion. The Lazzaroni have a cringing, beggarly brass peculiar to the drone-countries. There *is* a brass far more sublime, of big, strong, manly attitude. You may beat the beggars at Cairo, Eastern travellers tell us, and they will return again to you for alms. You may kick them with impunity, and they will beg a pittance for the privilege! Such is the brass of the Orient—of an enfeebled and degenerate civilization. The Bedouins will lie to you plausibly enough, and steal from you likewise; but they won't 'stand fire.' The brass of these and such like actions, becomes the subdued and wan-eyed people, who walk the desert, and pray to Allah in the wilderness. We don't regard it. We cite you to the Rubicon, and the march upon the Seven-hilled City and the consulship. *There* was brass—the brass of a great man, with power in himself and in his quality and the destiny of a brave nation in his hands—the single-handed Emperor, stern, vigilant and—full of brass! *That* was the great rebellious brass, which overawes men, and makes them minions. Look where he stands, the usurper, the destroyer, before the glittering host after the Gallic triumph! He speaks to them—They cross the memorable river—Pharsalia's won; and the wreath rests upon the Consul's brow! The Conspiracy—the Fall: and now Mark Antony pleads before the people. They listen—he sways them—(so runs the play)—and the work of the Twelve is all undone! They call it the Golden Age—It was an Age of Brass!

There was brass in the inexorable Druid—the brass of the dead-calm, courageous soul of the cold worshipper of Woden. The Rosicrucian wandered unmoved, along with his delusion, mailed in the brass of the mystic, impenetrable power of his restraint. Creeds need brass. Catherine de Medicis had not less brass, than had the Scribes and Pharisees. The lank-

visaged Covenanter was of as sturdy and as strong an arm as was the brave Crusader; and both had need of brass.

They had a kind of weak epithet called "assurance" once, but it is meetly now absorbed in brass, which is a better word, for it means more, and belongs more frequently to human action. We may fail to describe its different forms—to compass in our philosophy its varied elements, but you will know them when you see them, and, if necessary, suffer by them too.

The form may be of firmness, the strong man's brass—it may be calmness, the sage man's brass—it may be faith, the good man's brass—it may be the brass of truth, of error, of superstition, of bigotry, of desperation—it may be brass of brass, (our brass,)—but whatever it is, you will know it when you see it, for it is brass forever—conscious, confident, characteristic—transcendent, individual, palpable Brass—Brass—Brass!

The rest is brass !

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"When the procession was fully organized—which, as the *Dresdner Zeitung* states, was done with the old Polish banners and many other insignia of nationality—it advanced amid a tempest of the wildest excitement. The sound of forbidden Polish songs and hymns rose on the air. But when the banner of the White Eagle was unfolded 'there arose a terrible shout of enthusiasm, which seemed never to end.' ‘As soon as the multitude beheld the national flag with the White Eagle, more than 30,000 men, women, and children knelt and raised a hymn, many of them shedding tears.’"

Such is the record of an impassioned burst of national enthusiasm, as it lately sprang up suddenly, like a flame from ashes whose fire had long since seemed extinct. A scene so sublime, and a devotion so romantic seemed hardly to belong to the politics of our practical age. The memories of national glory and freedom once more take the place of mere prudential considerations, and in an instant the vanquished and enslaved are transformed into the bold cavaliers and knights of the days of

courage and of chivalry. What wrought the magic spell ? What invisible power waved its enchanter's wand over that vast multitude, evoking the utterance of long forbidden and concealed emotions so powerful, even in the face of danger, that tyrants trembled for their thrones ; so deep and sacred that it could find expression only in a hymn, as the multitude with one accord knelt in tears. The very air seems holy where such prayer is raised for freedom. Even the proud "Autocrat of all the Russias" feels the necessity of replying to such ardent patriotism, not by force and oppression to crush and destroy the feeling, but by timely concessions and reforms.

Such is the influence of a national banner, emblem, or motto over a people. It is not because of any power which is inherent in these things themselves, but because they are the distinct embodiment of principles, thoughts, and memories dear to the popular heart ; because they have served as rallying points, war cries, in the dark and trying hours of terrible adversity, as well as the ensigns of security and triumph in the joyous days of glory and of honor. Even the lowly peasant has been taught from infancy, with reverence, to lisp the motto, to raise the banner, and to venerate the emblem. Relatives and friends, scarred with the wounds of battle, have kindled a flame of enthusiasm for them, by recounting with impassioned utterance the deeds performed and sacrifices made for the honor of their flag. There are more Hannibals than the world thinks.

Have Americans no symbols of glory, rendered sacred to them by sacrifices of blood and treasure, which have served as her rallying points in times of darkness and sorrow, and as expressions of her independence and power when peace and prosperity reigned within her ? Is not her flag as fair as any, her eagle as brave and free, and her motto as rich in significance ? Why then, should intelligent Americans turn from them with disgust, or at least with a smile of derision ? Certainly not from any lack of love of country ; for should danger threaten, or foes invade, none would gather with more self-

sacrificing and heroic enthusiasm around those very standards. But they have allowed their disgust and contempt for the bombastic gasconade of miserable pretenders to oratory, to be directed against the subjects of this spurious oratory instead of against the authors. Thus we have become almost ashamed to speak of the "glorious Fourth of July," the "American Eagle," or "E Pluribus Unum," lest we be thought either foolishly sentimental, or to be speaking in irony. Even the "Star Spangled Banner" with all its noble beauty, has become so stereotyped in the hypocritical cant of designing politicians, that men of sense and refinement seldom use the phrase in earnest. That this ought not so to be, none will deny. But can it now be remedied? We think it can, in either one of two ways. War with a foreign foe would cause cowardly pretenders to slink back into the obscurity where they belong, which they have not now the modesty to keep. Then the true patriots would be revealed, and our national symbols would once more be loved and cherished. But kind reader don't be alarmed at this cool proposition, for we are not altogether in favor of extemporizing a war for this end, however laudable in itself. The other mode may suit you better. We believe that our national motto is the embodiment and expression of truth and hope, in the contemplation of which, thoughtful and intelligent men may find abundant food for reflection and delight; and that then they will come to love it, and use it as a favorite watchword, when courage fails them or adversity gathers round them.

"E Pluribus Unum" is the expression of the great political truth, that the *many*, being constituent parts of a government, have an individual right to a part and lot in the administration of the government, and yet, that this may best be done by unity and concentricity of power in one common governmental head. But this motto is more than this. It expresses far deeper and wider truths. It expresses the earnest, eager hope of our fallen and weak humanity, not only in its struggle with political Tyranny, but also with Ignorance. The infant, when

it first opens its eyes upon the outward world, is amazed and bewildered by the vast multitude and variety of objects by which it is surrounded, of which it knows neither the causes nor the relations. Each object to its view is new and without relation to anything else. It sees a number of men, but it does not class them together. Each one is a new subject of wonderment. No similarities or contrasts, no *classes* of things are perceived. But, as its reason develops, it finds out the relations and causes of things. It is this indeed which constitutes, in great part, the pleasures of youth. Every thing is novel. New beauties and new relations are constantly revealing themselves. So long as this continues, life is full of eager interest, and kept buoyant and bright. But many early get to think that they have seen all that is worth the while, and rest content. Then their interest must flag and the world grow dull to them. But those who continue to search beneath the surface to find things hidden and unknown, may retain a lively interest and buoyancy to a good old age, their interest always increasing. Indeed if we allow our minds free license in the infinity of truth and research we never can get old; we will always be as little children.

Of all the pleasures arising from the discovery of new relation of things, none is more exquisite than that of finding that things which we had thought totally unlike, belong ultimately to the same general class, that they have qualities in common. Classification and generalization are at once the most delightful and the most invigorating of all the mental processes. This pleasure is intense in proportion to the number of phenomena which the generalization comprehends. The grander the generalization the greater the delight. With what overwhelming emotion must Newton's soul have thrilled, as the magnitude and comprehensiveness of his great principle loomed up before his mind with all the beauty and power of a new creation! How eagerly must he have grasped the key which he saw would unlock for him the complicated mysteries of force.

In thus striving to make wider and wider generalizations the

mind is ever struggling to bring order out of confusion, to reach some great all-comprehensive unity. It feels rewarded for years of painful toil and research, if it can make two or three important strides towards this unity. For the man of science groans in spirit and grieves that he cannot reach that which he knows is just beyond his ken. "E Pluribus Unum" is the watchword of his battles. It is the grand truth which he has seized as an encouragement and stimulus in his trying labors. Indeed it is the precious hope of all mankind. It gives them courage to hope for release from the thraldom both of tyranny and ignorance. It expresses the hope of Christianity; for though we are many members yet are we one body; and we shall at last be all gathered together in the unity of the faith. The Church longs for unity with Him who is her head.

Americans! You have a motto too great and precious to mankind to be lost. Think of its deep significance; use it as your own. Love it, for it is full of power and hope. It is the noblest and the truest. It is one of the grandest generalizations which the mind has reached.

ÆOLUS.

Floating afar on Polar Seas,
And rising high in air,
And quivering 'neath the wintry breeze,
Is a palace wondrous fair.

Its minarets of silver sheen
Are splendid with a ray,
Plucked from the golden crown, I ween,
Of Phoebus, God of Day,

Who circuits high o'er land and wave,
For six long months they say,
Gliding in many a fairy cave
With sweet celestial ray.

Its shining halls of diamond hues,
Are lustrous in the light;

Its orient rooms gemm'd with the dews,
Are rich and wondrous bright.

In this castle of silver white,
And in these halls of rubies bright,
There lives a king, old, rough and hoary
Aeolus, known in song and story.

His form is tall—his brow is deep,
His locks are long and gray;
He has but 'wakened from his sleep,
And they are wet with spray—

His long dank beard hangs down his breast,
His eye rolls o'er the main,
Towards the far-off distant west,
Where he would roam again.

Editor's Table.

Hail, reader, Hail ! Joyfully, with the loudest cry of our wide inflated lungs, do we greet you, all Hail ! For when your eye rests upon this page our onerous duties shall have ended ; we shall have laid down the pen, (" which is mightier than the sword,") and betaken ourselves once more to the consideration and digestion of such knowledge as is to be found in that long list of books, facetiously put down in the College catalogue as Senior Studies—pleasures from which we have necessarily, for a fortnight, been debarred. And yet 'tis not without a feeling of sorrow that we put off the robes of office, for though, unlike some of our predecessors, we have no associations of juvenile pleasures connected with the name of May, it has yet afforded us something to do, and given us a semblance of authority which is exceedingly pleasant to hold. We have said, like the Centurion of old, unto one man (the devil) come, and he cometh, and unto another (the devil's assistant) go, and he goeth. Now, however, we are but a private individual, having only the memory of former greatness to distinguish us from the throng. Well, let it be so : wot's the odds, (as little Mr. Bouncer would say,) as long as your happy : and perhaps after all there is as much real happiness to be found in the retirement of private life, as in the more conspicuous seats of public. Don't blame us now, gentlemen, for this little assumption—don't. It is done in the fullness of our heart, out of which the mouth speaketh, and we are glad of it that we have a heart to speak from, for surely our head can say but little at present. You " or any other man" would do the same thing if you stood in our shoes—speaking of which any other man, we may here passingly remark, that the much disputed origin of this expressive term, has at last been found. Dr. Paley has the honor of being the first to use it ; it occurs in the sentence " Julius Caesar or any other man"—probably referring to Pompey. Honor to whom honor is due : let him have credit for it. And now that we have broken the ice, and made ourselves feel mis-

erably uncomfortable, what are we to talk about? Together with our co-laborers in the Editorial field, we took a solemn oath not to mention, except parenthetically, that mythical piece of furniture, (the Editor's table,) nor yet that broken down and worn out (chair,) nor that torn garment (his gown,) nor even so much as to hint at those moth-eaten (slippers,) in the possession of which all Editors are so wont to rejoice. The weather too, important as it and the trade winds are to mankind, is about played out, and even Princeton, heaven-forsaken Princeton, beyond saying that it is the same as ever, which is accordingly as the weather, six inches dust in good, and the same amount of mud in bad, and a doubtful sort of 'af & 'af in intermediate, furnisheth no further subject of discourse. And yet surely we should have something to talk of, who have the retrospect of a College course to reflect upon. And what a pleasant thing it is, too—this reflection; in truth there is nothing pleasanter than of a cold winter night to fix oneself comfortably alongside the blazing fire, pipe in hand, or of a warm summer evening to drop the light window curtain, turn down the lamp, and with a companionable cigar, dream over times and scenes that are past. A feeling of subdued and saddened pleasure steals over us, as imagination with faithful pencil pictures on the canvass of memory the times that are gone by; and surely they were pleasant ones, say we all: we never shall look upon their like again. Old Father Time, however, as he destroys with unrelenting hand all things earthly, beautifies some, and the past ever appears before us in brighter colors than the present. Those of us who are Seniors experience this more fully, for our joys have been the longer and more numerous; Seniors! did we say: how time flies—here we are eighty strong just about graduating, and it seems hardly a day since we first began a scanty thirty, bashful, timid Freshman, afraid to answer to our names above a whisper; '58 stand where we do now, and how we looked up to them. How well do we recollect, on entering the Chapel one bright May morning nearly three years ago, and hearing them for the last time, ring out each one as his name was called a loud cheery here—our peering curiously over at them, when the last name had been called and answered to, and wondering how they felt now that they were no longer under the protecting influence of Alma Mater. And we will soon be with them. Truly time works great changes.

Pardon us, reader, if we are referring to times beyond your memory, but coming events cast their shadows before them, and we are reminded by the examination just passed that we, too, will soon be out of college. Soon the places which know us now will know us no more, forever, and surely we may be pardoned if we luger, even to tiresomeness, over our coming departure; for, after all, much as we have talked against this old place—often as we have pronounced it borous—we've all of us become attached to it, and it'll cost many a pang to leave it. Of a truth are college days the halcyon days of our life.

And now—to leave the things that were and turn to those that are—as the Chronicler of monthly events—we have but little news to report. Everything and everybody seem to be in a state of petrifying inactivity—always excepting, of course, Mr. Bininger of Kentucky, who has been, we understand, unusually boisterous of late. There hasn't even been a single case of plagiarism or allegation of the same, on which to found a sensation article. Quietness uninterrupted, unbroken, (save when, occasionally, "in the stilly night," the sound of some half dozen Sophomoric horns bursts upon the air, or the cries of some unfortunate individual, who has been gettin' r himself "pleasant," are heard,) reigns throughout the College. Were the editor of the N. Y. Herald, with all his versatility of genius, and all his total abnegation of the first principles of truth, were even such as he here, he could not get up a respectable local.

Old Noah is dead and gone, and, in accordance with the promise of the

February Editor, we have the melancholy duty of doing justice to his character. He has been our servant for three and a half years—good, faithful, honest and true—and it was with feelings of sincere sorrow that we heard of his death. A pious and consistent Christian, humble and lowly on earth, he has doubtless now obtained the reward which is laid up for the good in Heaven. Peace to his ashes! We didn't promise the above, as stated, in the Feb. lit—in fact it was that Editor's duty, but it is a tribute cheerfully given, as but due to the character of Old Noah, and to the preservation of the Feb Editor's veracity.

We have to notice the annual recurrence of the season of sells among us. Really it ought to be stopped; it is getting to be a disease with us, and one which, from its very nature, is calculated to repress much valuable information and check all inquiry after the same. The Faculty should see to it. One must needs deny all acquaintanceship with anybody, even his most intimate friends, to avoid its consequences; and as for admitting that he has ever heard of Abe Lincoln or Jeff. Davis, it were better for him that he have a mill-stone round his neck and be in the bottom of the sea. However, the season is almost over for sells, and the days of penny-pitchings, sure attendant of Spring, will soon begin; so gather together the nickel coin, ye of the pitching propensities, and prepare for the copper harvest which awaits ye.

In connection with our associates, it has been our duty to go about collecting funds for the Mag. Surely our cause deserved a better success than it met with. The College is either exceedingly poor or it is, even worse, amazingly stingy. But a very few of those called upon came up to the mark manfully and paid up at once, and they, to the credit of their classes be it said, mostly from the under ones: truly it was a pleasant sight to the Editors to see them produce their funds from the depths of some old bureau drawer, or from some quiet nook in the bookcase, though sadly suggestive of the times when they, to, had money and used to do the same. Others had no money just at present, but would pay up as soon as they hear from home. Do so, gentlemen, do so, and, our word for it, you will retire to your "virtuous couches" that evening happier if not better men. A large portion of the College, however, a respectable minority, (numerically considered,) of a suspiciously green appearance, sturdily refused even to subscribe, accompanying their refusal, some of them, with a look which almost plainly said, You're a set of swindlers. When such as labor under this delusion get over it, we hope to hear of their subscribing: upon the heads of the remainder, however, (excepting, of course, those who are pecuniarily unable to take the Mag.,) rests the editorial curse. Fellows, this won't do: you must pony up. The old proverb "that a silk purse can't be made of a sow's ear" may be gotten round—the mathematical impossibility of squaring the circle may be solved, but a College Mag. cannot be published without money. So pay up, unless you are willing to see the time-honored old Lit, at once Nassau's pride and boast "come to grief."

Our visits, as we have stated, pecuniarily considered, have been failures; and yet, as in the African Desert, where all is parched and dreary, there are oases at which the weariest and dispirited traveller may stop to refresh and invigorate himself, so in one of them were the spirits of the Committee, drooping and despondent from the continued refusals met with, again rallied by one of those little incidents which, oases in the desert of life, happen occasionally in the world, as it were, to show that "the milk of human kindness has not yet wholly deserted the human breast; for, entering the last room in the last College, not in the hopes of receiving anything, (for its occupant had paid up,) but rather for the purpose of mutual condolence and general execration, they met a crowd—And (in the words of the inspired Lyric poet):

"In that crowd there was a jug,
And in that jug was ale,

And on the table sat a mug
With which to drink that ale."

Not so fast either, for now that we reflect a little there was no mug *there*—its absence, however, only served as a pleasing illustration of the facility with which man, thirsting after knowledge, adapts himself to circumstances (not that the circumstances in this case were very difficult ones to become adapted to, but rather that there was such a number to adapt itself to such small circumstances.) However, the adaptation took place—of means to an end—each and every member of the Committee after one and the same method, and with the same happy result, and the Editors dispersed to their rooms, notwithstanding their ill success pecuniarily, with spirits as buoyant as when they left them. It was afterwards remarked by our worthy Treasurer that, if there had been as much money taken in as there was ale, the Mags would all come out—and *he knows*.

Per contra (referring, of course, to the difficulty of collecting subscriptions, and not to the little oasis,) we have heard that the Nassau Lit has attracted the attention and enlisted the sympathies (probably on account of the Editors) of the fair sex of this town, and our authority for so stating is reliable. If such an investigation (by the Editors) prove to be the case, it is truly encouraging, and let all the friends of the Mag. lift up their voices and rejoice with exceeding great joy—for it cannot but succeed—it must come out. From all such of "the fair" as feel an interest in the Mag. (and the Editors), we are authorized by the April and May Editors to respectfully and gracefully state that contributions for the same will be thankfully received. So look to your laurels, gentlemen, and don't be surprised if the April No. should commence with a metaphysical disquisition on the origin, nature and uses of Balmoral, and wind up with a full length steel engraving of the latest Spring styles—a la Godey.

Autograph books are going the rounds with us, quite the rage—it is astonishing, judging from them, what a number of scholars, patriots, orators, statesmen, &c. are to be sent out from this place—absolutely let loose upon the country in the next three years. Well, there is no harm in it—man is but mortal, and likes to hear himself praised; and if perchance the autographic protestations of admiration, love and esteem fall gratefully on the tympanum of any here, it injures no one. The principle adopted, of you tickle me and I'll tickle you, is a fair one at any rate, and works every way.—In connection with autograph books, we may mention the arrival of their twin brothers, the Photographs, which took place last week, thereby throwing into great excitement the College generally, and in particular utterly incapacitating for all Collegiate duties, for the space of a week at least, the Committee who have them in charge. They are not, we believe, as satisfactory as those taken last year, which we take it were samples on a large scale—the Artist perhaps thinks he has a sure thing of the College, and is less careful than he might be.

The first break has been made in the class of 61—two of its members went forth last week as graduates—as men, and but yesterday we saw three more off on the way to their Southern homes. Surely the "tears tha glistened in the tell-tale eye" as they left the old place were manly ones, and told of sacred friendships. May those friendships always be so, and may health and happiness attend their possessors through life.

And now fellows it is meet for us to close—long since in imagination have we heard you call "Time." If we have disobeyed the call and been garrulous and wearisome, in the kindness of your hearts, blame not us but the weather, and as now we close "forget and forgive."

Heartily do we drink the good health of you all—gracefully do we welcome the April Editor as our successor, and thus doing our song is ended.—*Vale, vale, longe vale.*

